March 9th--ELISSA, The Doom of Zimbabwe, by H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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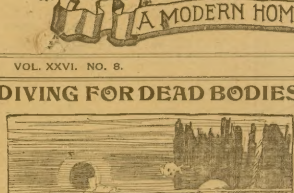
DIVING FOR DEAD BODIES



Daring and Grewsome Adventures Beneath the Sea—Andrew Cameron, the World's Champion Deep Diver, Tells Some Thrilling Experiences Which Turned His Hair Snow White.

(Copyright, 1897.)

I had been a boy in the navy, said Andrew Cameron, sat at the age of 50 on the quarterdeck, and I was the youngest of torpedo men in the service.

My first real diving experience was off Trincomalee, isle of Ceylon. The mail-boat Dunbrae had capsized, and all hands on board were drowned.

The daughter of the governor of that island had been to England, and was going home on the ship. I was ordered to dive for her, and was sent for by Admiral Ryder to receive the name and bring the locket back. When I had gotten up almost everything and all the bodies and luggage I could find, I was informed that the governor's daughter was still missing.

At last I found her in a small stateroom, where she had been sitting with her satchel in her hand ready to go ashore. She never thought of feeling anyone in the room, as the ports were shut, whereas all the rest of the ports were open. Upon entering the door, a strong circulating current was caused, and in an instant the lifelike body rose at me with a bound. Perfectly dead, I finally came to the surface. When they saw me the men cried, shouting from the ship's glass: "When I recovered a little bit, I said: "Where is the locket?" They answered: "We find the ghost." Then they put on me my hair was white, and I went to a glass and saw that my hair, which had been very black, had instantly changed and was half white. I was the only diver there, and for as soon as I was able I went down and brought up the locket.

Another time I had experience with the Isle of Wight. H. M. S. the Serpent sank and 56 lives and were saved. Only the two men having escaped. Your humble serv went bring at Portsmouth at the time. I was telegraphed to go down and get the bodies, for I proceeded with the ship, raising them by means of buoys sane with the bodies.

The work was at a depth of twenty fathoms, and the sight of the hatchways leading down to the main deck filled many of the men as they had rushed together to get up. was the worst I have ever seen. I was necessary to separate them one by one and pass them to our men on deck, and had to be done carefully, as the heads are very liable to come off when the bodies are taken at a table actually writing letters to folks at home.

PENELOPE EXPERIENCE.

While lying in the Suez canal, on H. M. S. Penelope, near Ismailia, it seemed that every night the man on sentry used to be shot or stabbed, and it could never be found out who did it. One night I was put on sentry on the forecastle, with my rifle and man-of-war-man. Orders were given that, if I saw anything, I was to shoot at it. I stood two and three by quarters before there was more pruning and thinking of the rest of my comrades on the port before me than watching that night.

However, about 6 o'clock, I thought a shadow crossed the water, and, looking up, I saw a native Egyptian, or Arab, coming over the bow. I was capering. I shouted "Who goes there?" and fired. But those birds are timid people, and are very swifty. I thought of my orders, and fancied I could take the law for the fellows, when I up and fled. Lo and behold, there was a human cry and a splash in the sea.

It was an Arab's voice; he was rigged up in a sack, and was swimming for the logs of the hull. He was a sweet swimmer, for under the wing he carried an assegai. The cry of the flying dread all hands on board and turned to. I went ashore in the boat to get the bird and found it was my friend Hassan. He could speak a little broken English, but was dying. I took him on board and tried to give him a drink, when he threw our his assegai and rubbed me in the face with sand. I was taken aboard the boat along with the dying. It was sent to the Sheng Jong museum.

EARNING A PENSION.

My next experience aboard the Penelope was at Alexandria. The ship was ordered off to Admiral Seymour that there were troops to be landed to destroy the fleet. On Thursday afternoon the signal went up for divers to look for torpedoes, this being at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria. I went down under five and it was the only time I ever felt afraid. I was afraid of the dark and I felt myself trembling. Something had come over me. I was afraid. I did not know what it was. I was afraid of the dark. Nevertheless I did not like to show the white feather, and went to work in a hurry.

IN A COAL MINE.

Shortly after I received a telegram to proceed to Dundee, Scotland, and go down in a coal mine. I was told that there was a terrible explosion and that the bodies lay in a terrible state. Before going down I had to sign a paper, I could not see what I was to dress, but as there were lives at stake, I went at a great rate. I was within thirty yards of the victims and got away at the first signal. The men who were above and the standing watch up drew me away. I then made a second descent. The bodies were all lying in a heap. I found that I was caused by the water from an old mine flowing in the way to the new one. The boy stationed at the trap door where the mules are taken had gone to sleep and the miners, working up an inclined shaft, were drowned like rats in a hole. I was down for over fifteen minutes, and got the last of the main shaft, as they could not get over the bodies, and I was getting very nervous.

After going up for a spell I returned, to find that the men were having a glorious feeding time and a-boy crying. As I approached the boy ceased his crying and fled. I was told that he had been drowning and had found a spike nail, and, going all the way half of the length, received my punishment. This was rather dangerous, as my guide was not acquainted with the water. He knew I got it off and talked to them, they wanted to know what it was, as they had been three days without food.

I went down to the end of the pit and took hold to see if it was true. I opened it with my diving knife and gave the men a share. There were hundreds of people at the pit's awaiting for the good word, and I think the best many thing I ever did was to bring up this little boy or my shoulders thirty yards through the water. I was presented by him to his mother, where a Doctor Rirs attended to him. He was all right, and I was told that I had behaved well. I received a pension all hands out. In three hours more the water was all filled the shaft where the men were located.

A SHIP WRECK.

My greatest feat, which made me the most talked diver, was at Loch Creran, Argyllshire, Scotland. It was where the Oceanic had been driven away. A somewhat similar to the recent wreck on the New York coast. I was down on the ship for a week, and while the salvage was proceeding outside about my business I was told that the Lord Advocate, Sir Charles Pearson, was coming. I proceeded at once to search for the two bodies, and, after considerable pains, I had to go. I found that I would need a heavier diving helmet. I had two sixty-four lengths. When I had gotten most nothing I went down with the three lengths, and landed a short distance from the wreck. I found that I had to walk to it. I had to walk down a knoll to get to the bottom of the descent. I sunk then to the bottom at a cost of 20 pounds to get to it and down it like a monkey.

On my first actual descent I landed on the funnel of the engine. I climbed down and found the engineer dead, with his hand clenched on the throttle valve. The fireman was also dead, and I found it difficult to get him away. I had to kneel down to get his body. I made them fast to the line I had with me and ascended. I reckon I was down thirty minutes. The weight of the diving dress is so small here in the work, the actual weight being 10 pounds to earth about 50 pounds in each foot. 56 pounds actual weight without helmet and apparatus. When I dive up I was about 50 fathoms from the ship. I had to endeavor to get him away. He was 18 stone 14 square inch. In addition to all outer pressure on my body of the water.

A CHAMPION SKI-ER.

He took to our snow shoes, and zig-zagged down the hill with the speed of a bird. Then he ascended the hill by the same zig-zag line without stopping, the "ski," for fastening the shoes are used for "ski" running. Once more on, we soon converted ours into a very comfortable sledge, and, seated in the stern of a white mountain boat, we glided down the hill, the Norwegian steering by pressing the edge of the sole, and without our stirring a finger would have been impossible. We were nothing more being the rapid ride of a valley with the mouth of the Parks in the distance. The snow lay deep here at an angle of from 35 to 40 degrees, and as we flew down the valley at a great velocity, we were shutting, sliped down until it ended in absolute precipice, a slip might have been serious. My two more experienced companions walked below for the last mile or so of danger, but soon we found ourselves upon a more ra-

(Continued on second page.)

AN ALPINE PASS ON SKI.

Conan Doyle's Adventure in Winter Mountain Climbing—How a Pair of Ski Help One Over a Mountain 9,000 Feet High.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Copyright, 1898, by A. Conan Doyle.)

There is nothing resembling sunlight in the appearance of a pair of ski. They are two slips of wood, eight feet long, four inches broad, with a slight heel, turned up toes and straps in the center to secure your feet. No one to look at them would guess at the possibilities which lurk in them. Can you put them on and you turn with a run to an unbroken slope of powdery snow, and then the next moment you are darting your best hardy now to escape being and striking frantically with both feet and half rising only to fall sideways into the snow bank again, and your friends are gathered round you laughing how bad one can thought you capable of going.

THE SURPRISE IN A PAIR OF SKI.

This is when you are beginning. You become used to the sensation, and you are not likely to be disappointed. But we can rest on a little thing the thing becomes more irritating. The "ski" are the most unmanageable things upon earth. One day you cannot go your best with them. On another with the same weather and the same snow, you cannot go at all. And it is when you feel yourself the strongest that you begin to stand on the crown of your head. Then you add just your body for a rapid slide, but your "ski" stick motionless and over you go upon your face. Or you stand upon a plateau which seems to you to be as level as a billiard table, and in an instant, without cause or warning, away they shoot and you are left to pick yourself up as best you may.

OVER ROLLING SNOW FIELDS.

The snow being still hard enough upon the surface to run a sledge, the Norwegian pushed rapidly on over undulating snow fields with a general upward tendency. Their object was to reach the crest of the pass behind us and the glaze upon the great expanse of snow before us was dazzling. Here we worked our way down a long slope and found ourselves in the midst of a wilderness of white—a wilderness of snow. The snow was soft as powder and so deep that we could reach no bottom with our poles. Here then

Davos to Arosa over the Furka Pass, which is over 7,000 feet high. The distance is not more than twelve or fourteen miles as the crow flies, but it has only once been done in winter. Last year the two brothers drum-

SOCIETY HEROINES.

General Grant's Granddaughter, Mrs. Dodge, Miss Helen Gould, Mrs. Oliver Iselin and Others Give Splendid Proof of Their Courage in Moments of Peril.

Among the variety of wars in which women distinguish themselves nowadays a life saving.

It takes an every-day occurrence, to be sure, a Grade Darling coming to the rescue of a boat in a wind, but courageous deeds are recorded now and then and often well-known women are the heroines, society women who are popularly supposed to be entirely ornamental, born to "wear their hats in parade."

A MERCY'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

A society woman with brains and courage, the inherent gratefulness of whose character shines with warm like luster, is Mrs. Dodge, Miss Grant is a tall, handsome girl of the brunette type, with a clear complexion, soft brown eyes and a mouth which is a veritable Cupid's bow. One of the greatest reunion one of her little cousins had a narrow escape from drowning, and Miss Grant became noble to the rescue. The boy was about to sink for the second time, when a big wave tore it away from its mourings and he was thrown into the water. Being unable to swim, he would soon have been carried away had it not been for the heroic and bold plunge into the water. After some-thing of a struggle, the two waves, but reached the shore safely, and as modest was the young heroine that the congratulations of her friends upon her bravery were almost embarrassing to her, so modest was she in her struggle in the sad sea waves.

SAVING A DROWNING MAIDEN.

It is only a summer or two ago that the young millionaire, George Vanderbilt, was rescued from drowning by one of the heroines of a woman. It was at Bar Harbor, and Miss Iselin was in the water, having gone out for bathing, as all the millionaires build fine, private swimming pools. This one of Mr. Vanderbilt's is quite handsome. It is near his house, in the open air, but separated from the sea by a wall.

Upon this occasion, Mr. Vanderbilt, who has only a slight knowledge of the art of swimming, was doing some water tricks for the benefit of Miss Iselin, when he got out of his depth. Before help could be rendered he drew in his breath, and, with a scientific flick of the hands, he disappeared, and for the dive several times; his admiring friends sitting around on the pavilion, watching him. At last there came a diver-sion. He had not risen to the surface, and presently, with true courtesy, watched for him to appear. Then, as he did not appear, and as he enjoyed to show his skill, Miss Iselin was thought at first that he was doing a new trick, and sat in the bottom and held up his breath as the boys do. Seconds passed on, and the fair girl saw a strange face around the pool grow white. What was the matter? Why, Mr. Vanderbilt was drowning! He was lying on the bottom, himself into the pool and swam to the rescue of the drowning man. It was a strange sight, of course, but in a brief space both Mr. Vanderbilt and Miss Iselin were safe upon the beach, receiving the congratulations of their friends. Mr. Vanderbilt was deeply grateful; his gratitude was shown in many ways, and the two have been the best of friends ever since. Mr. Vanderbilt is most approved suitor fashion, and he showed his gratitude in a way that he satisfied to which she was entitled. Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht, Alva, was brought safely to harbor during a storm by the same young lady, and the two young people of wealth were always prepared to help each other in case of need.

MISS GOULD'S COURAGE.

In quite another role from that of mermaid, Miss Helen Gould recently played the part of hostess. She is a small, full-backed little woman, but she has all the pluck and perseverance which characterized her father. Indeed, quiet and unassuming as she always appears, she has a vast deal of character, and rumor has it that she will be a first-class wife for any one with a fine, well-proportioned figure. Among other accomplishments she is a fine horsewoman, and thought to a standstill her pair of high-spirited bays, which she drives in a trap. Her sister Edith and Mrs. Jay Gould, at present, who extinguished a fire in her dressing-room with a pail of water on alcohol lamp which she was using on her hair. Miss Gould's friend Miss Anna Astor lost her only daughter by a similar accident. The fire spread so rapidly that she was so badly burned that she died soon after. Miss Gould's presence of mind and courage saved her from a like fate, although she was powerless to avert the and consequence.

O. C.

A Smart Boy.

Jimmie Brown, aged 8, sat busily pouring over the advertising sheets of the New York Ledger. He was in search of a position. A position as office boy, for our spirit was badly need wages, but he had an ambition to be known in his trend, and he wanted, above all things, to master the technicalities of some small business. Finally he was fighted upon an advertisement that seemed to suit his case. He read over it to his father, and he determined to make a search for the office mentioned. The address was Baldness Ave. Number 69. Very discouraging in the beginning, for Jimmie had already omitted the number. He had even cramped his stiff little fingers over many an answer to advertisements, and perhaps of the precious stamps he had risked—and lost. But he was not to be daunted. He would find Baldness Ave. if it took him all day.

The next morning Mr. Adams, a wealthy financier, sat in his office, for our spirit had not long been in his house, in the open air, but separated from the sea by a wall.

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(Continued on second page.)

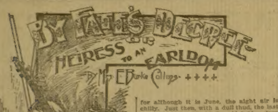
The Lines of the Hand.

They were out driving and had come upon a fine stretch of country for a canter.

"Do you believe in palmistry," he asked "or the reading of one's fortune by the lines in one's hand?"

"I do not," she said, "that if I could see the lines in only one of your hands I would foretell that we would have a very pleasant drive."

He immediately caught on and grasped the reins with one hand and the situation with the other.—Comic Cuts.



CHAPTER IV.

WHAT COMES AFTERWARD.

The silvery moonlight streams over all with a calm and peaceful radiance, giving a weird aspect to the scene. It is a picture never to be forgotten. For a moment Vera stands irresolute. The man on horseback has dismounted and is making his way on to the swaying bridge, but Vera waves him back.

"You will be drowned!" she cries, "the bridge can hold no more. Go back! I will save my father, or we will drown together!"

As she speaks she stoops and puts her arms around the old man's neck, lifting the white head upon her breast. He is a dead weight, for all life has apparently fled from his body; his eyes are closed; there is a very feeble movement of the chest. With her arms tightly clasped about his neck the girl begins to draw the helpless body backward on the bridge, back to the shore from which they had just come. Vane Van Dyck stands watching her, his face white to the very lips, his strong frame trembling with mental anguish. It is hard, bitterly hard, to be compelled to stand like a stone and see her in such awful peril.

The bridge creaks and trembles at every movement of the prostrate body, as the girl's slight arms draw him slowly, slowly, on. Will the frail structure hold, until the river is crossed. The river, that is dashing and fretting below, an awful waste of black and angry water, fearfully deep and perilous. Vane's strong white hands clench and unclench themselves, and the veins upon his forehead stand out like whipcords, from the force of the nervous tension under which he is laboring. His lips move, and a prayer; a fervent, devout prayer, bursts from them.

"God save them!" he pleads. "Oh, to be forced to stand here like a statue!" he pants. But he knows that one pound more weight upon the swaying structure would bring sure disaster; while, if he stands inert, Vera may make the crossing in safety.

The moments drag by. Only a little farther, a few feet only remain between them and the shore. Vane's white teeth sink into his under lip until the blood spurts forth. He must do something; this inaction is killing him. Already, the decayed timbers of the old bridge are sagging downward, and if they do not reach land at once they will never get there.

With one mad bound Vane Van Dyck is on the bridge, and has seized both forms

"I AM THE ELDER SON OF AN ENGLISH LORD."

in his strong arms; not a word escapes his pale lips. Weighted down with the double burden, he makes a flying leap for the shore—not three feet away.

It is well that Vane Van Dyck is a practiced athlete, strong and well-trained; a famous wrestler, with muscles developed like a second edition of Sandow. He is pale and refined, and somewhat effeminate in appearance, but the slender wrists have nerves and sinews of steel and his strength and endurance are wonderful. So, he lands in safety with his burden. Not so prodigious a feat as regards strength perhaps, for the girl is slight and delicate, the old man a mere featherweight. But to Vera it is something so wonderful, that her heart fairly stands still with gratitude and astonishment, and overflows with admiration.

He lays the old man gently down upon the soft, green grass, and stripping off his own coat, throws it over the gaunt figure; for although it is June, the night air is chilly. Just then, with a dull thud, the last clinging fragments of the old bridge drop into the river, and are borne away by the swirling tide. Vera shudders and at last finds voice.

"Oh, it might have been us, it might have been papa and me!" she falters brokenly; "and you—you—saved us!"

"Nonsense! Had I not been present at all, you would have come over all right," he answers cheerily; "don't be nervous, Miss Vera, you are safe, both of you, thank God!"

"And you!" she persists softly, with a tender little inflexion upon the personal pronoun.

"Well, thank me, if it pleases you," he returns. "And now, Miss Vera, what next? Your home is on the other side of the river—Fairview lies before us, on this side. Therefore, you must come back to Fairview."

She starts, and a low cry escapes her lips. "Not there!" she exclaims, "oh, no, I cannot go back there! I hate the place; I hate them all!"

He doffs his hat with a little mocking bow.

"Now, that is cruel, Miss Vera!" he says. Her face flushes. Something in his tone stings her, hurts her, like a blow in the face. He goes on swiftly:

"But, really, Miss Vera, there is no time to be lost. Your father is ill; he must have shelter and a physician."

"You are right; forgive me. I have been selfish. I must not allow personal feelings to interfere. But, how can we get him to Fairview? He cannot walk."

"Easily. If you have courage to stay alone with him for a short time, I will ride back to Fairview and procure a carriage. Everything shall be in readiness for his reception, and I will send a messenger the first thing in the morning to your home so that your housekeeper shall learn what has happened."

"Thank you! Very well, if you will be so kind. Poor Hepsy! Then, papa can be removed in a day or two, by the old road, the upper bridge, five miles above."

"Wait a moment, Miss Vera."

Vane Van Dyck turns and faces her, in the silvery moonlight.

"I—I want to say to you what I have been trying to say all this evening. I am not what you think me; I—"

"Vera!"

The name falling from the hitherto dumb lips of the sick man startles them both. He has recovered the power of speech. Vera breaks away from the restraining hand which Vane Van Dyck lays upon her shoulder and falls upon her knees beside her father.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cries, "thank God you can speak. Don't be frightened; we are safe, and we will soon be under shelter. There, don't try to talk. I will explain all directly."

"I will be back directly, Miss Vera," he says. She lifts her head and her eyes meet his for a moment.

"Thank you; be as quick as possible, please," she adds; and he gallops away. Alone with her father, Vera tells him in a few words all that has happened. The old man looks troubled. But there is no help for it.

"We cannot remain under his roof," he says decidedly. "Dear, it is my lower limbs that are paralyzed; surely, we can leave tomorrow."

Vera makes no reply. She will not lull him with what may prove a delusive hope, so she says nothing. She sits at his side, and holds his hand, and the moments go by. The silence is broken at last, by the sound of wheels. Vera starts up, and the moonlight shows her an approaching barouche drawn by a pair of black horses and at the side of the driver, Vane Van Dyck. He is down in a twinkling, and with the driver's help, Gervase Moore is lifted into the vehicle, and placed carefully on soft cushions, while Vera seats herself at his side.

Vane is already on the driver's seat, the old negro gathers up the reins and the carriage rolls away in the direction of Fairview. Fairview, where Dora Churchill, having heard the news, is in a state of rage that borders on frenzy at the prospect of her rival, for as such she mentally designates poor Vera, being domiciled beneath the same roof. It has been "a bad quarter of an hour," as the French say, for Miss Dora Churchill, since she has seen Vane Van Dyck leave the house, and the moments grow and multiply into more than an hour, before she sees him again. And then, he walks hurriedly up to her, and in a few hasty words tells his story. Dora listens, and her face grows white and cold, and her heart, or that part of her anatomy which she designates by that name, sinks within her breast. But, outwardly, she is sweet and gentle as ever, as she listens to the story of the accident, and Vane never suspects that her calm outward demeanor hides a heart on fire and full of raging passions.

"Bring them here, of course," she says, quickly. "There are two connecting rooms in the tower wing. It will only be for to-night, I presume?" she adds with a swift, upward glance into his face.

"Rest assured, it will not be for any longer than can be helped," he returns. "It was hard work to get Miss Vera to come here, at all. She has taken a dislike to Fairview and its inmates."

Miss Churchill tosses her frizzled blonde head.

"She was overawed by our splendor," she laughs, but the laugh has a scratch behind it. "These country people see nothing of the world outside their native swamps and I doubt the wisdom of disturbing their quiet lives."

And then, she goes to find the housekeeper to see that the rooms are in readiness, and to pour into her mother's sympathizing ears the story of her woes. Mrs. Churchill is all sympathy, and in a moments' time the two women fully understand each other. It will go hard with Dora Moore if she remains long at Fairview.

Dora watches Vane depart in the carriage, and then the last guest having made his adieu, she sits down to wait for what is to come. Her face is pale and stern; all the sweetness and complacency have died out of it, and she looks old and unlovely.

The carriage drives up to the entrance to the mansion, and the old man is lifted out and borne up the wide staircase to the tower wing, followed closely by Vera. A physician has already been sent for, and she can only wait for his coming to learn the worst.

Sitting beside the bed, Vera hears her name spoken in a low tone, and glancing up, she sees Vane Van Dyck.

"I have brought you some wine and refreshment," he says. "Now, Miss Vera, I insist that you eat and drink a little."

She obeys him, and then he leaves her. In a moment Dora Churchill takes his place.

"You will not mention the unpleasant scene that took place tonight, will you?"

Vera shakes her head.

"Have no fear," she answers, in a low, clear voice; "I will say nothing."

Her lips curl with unconscious scorn as she speaks and Dora slinks away, with a dim consciousness that she has been defeated.

Miss Churchill has met her Waterloo!

CHAPTER V.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

Old, blind, paralytic, Gervase Moore is in a pitiable condition; and added to the rest, is poverty. But he has learned a great, a noble lesson—the lesson of contentment. It is better than wealth, or position, or high honors. It is a state of mind that a king might envy.

He lies on his bed in the tower wing, very patient, very quiet, and his daughter's tender heart aches with a sharp pang of suffering, as she realizes his condition. She never thinks of herself, when he will be gone, and she will be left alone. She thinks only of him—his unrealized ambition and great hopes—dead and buried now. She knows that in the story of her father's life, there is a page turned down, which stranger eyes may never read, which she has not read herself, and to which he never refers. That it is something very sad, she is convinced, and she would not, for the world touch upon the subject, when conversing with him. When he wishes her to know—if ever—he will tell her, she says.

The physician forbids that the old man be moved for the present, and so, Vera is compelled to be resigned. But it is hard, bitterly hard, and requires all the fortitude of which the girl is capable. But, after that one brief interview, Theodora Churchill keeps out of her way, and Vera is truly thankful.

Though Vera does not know it, Sir Arthur Geraint is extremely ill. On the night of the reception he was obliged to retire from the presence of his guests, and has been ill ever since; his old disease has him once more in its grasp. Vera, still undeceived, never dreams that it is the secretary, Vane Van Dyck, whom she believes to be Sir Arthur Geraint. Shut up in her father's sick room, the tower chamber situated in a remote quarter of the house, it is not at all surprising that she knows nothing of what goes on in the rest of the house. Vane keeps constantly at the bedside of Sir Arthur, and sees nothing of Vera for several days. True, he sends her many kind messages, but "some she receives, and more she does not"—like the young lady in the famous nursery rhyme. For, Dora attends to all that and keeps her eyes wide open for emergencies. The real Sir Arthur sends messages both kind and hospitable, all of which Vera receives. But she believes that they come from the man to whom she owes her life, and the life dearer to her than her own; and she feels the lack of something she knows not what. It leaves a little feeling of disappointment in her heart.

In the meantime, Hepsy arrives at Fairview. Hepsy, in her dingy black "best gown," and old-fashioned bonnet. She has come to nurse her master, so she defiantly announces, when questioned by a supercilious-looking footman as to her errand at Fairview.

"As if I'd leave all that burden on Miss Vera!" she exclaims aggressively. "Why, the child would wear herself out in no time! My master's used to having the best o' care, when he's sick, and there ain't nothin' too good for him. He comes of a grand old family, I'd have you know!"

Dora, standing in the hall, overhears, and a contemptuous smile touches her thin lips. Since her sojourn in America, and especially the south, she has heard so much of the "first families," the F. F. V.'s and such, and she realizes that the famous Mayflower must have been of a prodigious size to accommodate all those who claim to be represented thereon. So, she places small stress upon Hepsy's allusion to family honors, and does not dream that old Gervase Moore, the blind musician, is more highly connected than herself.

Hepsy is allowed to take her place at once at her master's bedside, and she insists that Vera shall go out into the air. She is accustomed to a great deal of exercise, and she is beginning to show the effects of confinement in the sick room.

"Out you go!" says Hepsy grimly and decidedly. "We can't have you on the sick list, too!"

The very thought makes Vera shudder. Sick at Fairview! Oh, the tortures of the Inquisition would be preferable. She gets her hat at once, which thoughtful Hepsy has brought to Fairview and starts for the woods near by. It is a lovely day, and in spite of her troubles Vera's spirits rise, under the influence of blue sky and golden sunshine. She has not been gone a half hour, when Sir Arthur, now nearly recovered from his attack of illness, makes a call upon Gervase Moore, in his room. The old man believes that Sir Arthur wishes to make amends for his strange treatment on the night of the reception, and, being of a forgiving nature, the old musician receives him, with calm dignity. It is the first time that Sir Arthur has ever come in contact with him, and he is delighted with the blind man's gentle ways, his low, musical voice and the delicate refinement of his features.

"A born gentleman!" is Sir Arthur's mental comment.

Old Gervase Moore has only kind words of, and for, everybody. They converse for an hour upon various subjects—history, travel, and Sir Arthur finds, to his surprise, that the old man has been everywhere, and seen everything, before the veil of darkness has fallen upon him. It is while speaking of old English scenes, and referring to Sussex in particular, that Sir Arthur learns for the first time that Gervase Moore is English born. The young nobleman is describing some well-remembered scene in his ancestral home, when, chancing to turn his eyes, they fall upon the face of the blind man, and Sir Arthur sees that he has fainted. He starts up in consternation.

"Good heavens! How inconsiderate I am!" he ejaculated. "Here, I sit, boring the old man with my stories of home, which cannot possibly interest him, though he is too well-bred to intimate it."

And he goes away, leaving the sick man to the tender care of Hepsy; and little does Sir Arthur dream of the volcano at his very feet, and upon whose brink he is standing.

A little later, coming back to Fairview, Vera sees an unexpected sight. She has believed all this time, that Vane Van Dyck, or Sir Arthur Geraint, as she thinks him, is seriously ill. Then, fancy her surprise to see that gentleman seated at Miss Dora Churchill's side in a pretty little phaeton, driving along the road in the dying sunset. He does not see Vera, but Dora does; nothing ever escapes her pale blue eyes. They are like the eye of a cat. But she takes good care that her companion shall not see the girl, and poor little Vera naturally thinks that it is an intentional slight. Her heart contracts with a sharp pang of suffering.

"He is so absorbed in her that he could not see me," she thinks. And the thought is bitter.

When Vera reaches the house, she finds the doctor with her father, and she begs so hard that he may be removed that the physician, seeing that absence from home is telling upon the old man, gives a reluctant consent. And it is settled that if Mr. Moore is no worse in the morning, he may be taken home. It will be a five-mile drive but they can drive slowly.

"I will come for him myself, Miss Vera," he says, and Vera gladly accepts the offer. But she extracts from him a promise of secrecy. There is no use in letting the people at Fairview know of their intention, she says, and so it is settled.

Early in the morning before any of the family are up, the Hegira takes place. Vera leaves a grateful little note of thanks to Sir Arthur Geraint, and adding that her father is pining for home, and that the physician has consented, she says good-by to the inmates of Fairview as she thinks forever. The violins accompany them, and Vera is so glad that they are safe, that she cannot refrain from executing a little aria upon her own, as soon as the carriage is out of sight and hearing of Fairview; music to which the physician listens in admiration too deep for words.

The journey home to the Moore plantation occupies two hours. Vera observes

"Sir Arthur has not forgotten me."

her father's unusual silence, and fearing that the drive may prove too much for him, grows half-wild with anxiety. But they are there at last, and the sick man is placed in bed. He smiles sweetly as Vera lays her hand upon his head.

"There is no place like home," he sighs wearily. Vera stoops and kisses the wrinkled cheek.

"We will never go away again, will we, dad?" she asks. He shakes his head.

"We never will," Vera goes on swiftly. "We will always stay at home, dad, and I will never leave you."

He draws her head down upon the pillow beside him.

"Vera," he says in a low tone, "there is a package of papers in my desk; locked in the little secret drawer; you know where? If—if—anything happens to me, you must deliever them to my lawyer, and—and—he will know what to do."

"Don't worry, dear," Vera says gently. Something in her father's white, tired face, and the weary tone of his voice, goes to her heart with a sharp pang.

"You will be beter soon," she goes on, but there is something in her heart that gives the lie to the assurance. He looks so forlorn lying there, that she almost breaks down. She flings her arms about his neck, and pillows her cheek on his.

"Oh, dad! Dear dad," she sobs; "don't look like that." His weak hand smoothes back the soft, golden hair from her brow. His movements are slow and uncertain and from the waist downward he is numb and dead. Into her heart for the first time, there creeps a fear, an awful horror, what will she do when he is gone?

"Don't leave me; dad," she moans. "In all the wide world I have only you. I want no one but you!"

A faint smile touches his lips, but he says nothing. With her hand clasping his, the girl sits there, and the moments wear away. After a time, he says in a low tone:

"Daughter, there is something that I must tell you, and I think the time has come to tell it. It is the story of my past—a sad and bitter story. Let me tell you now."

CHAPTER VI.

TWO STORIES.

And so, with her hand clasping his cold one, Vera listens. It almost seems as if the sightless eyes can see, so fixed and eager do they look. The old man speaks, and his voice is very low and sweet.

"Dear," he says softly, "it is a sad story, as I have said, and I will make it as short as possible, Vera. I was born in England, in the dear old Sussex county. I am the eldest son of an English lord. I am not out of my mind, dear," he adds, as she starts perceptibly at the unexpected announcement. "It is all true, all true."

"But, papa—then," she hesitates, and her cheek grows pale at the possibility that looms up before her. Gervase Moore smiles.

"Yes, dear, your unworthy father is a scion of a noble house, and by all the laws of primogeniture, is entitled to succeed to title and estates. But, my child, even were my life to be spared and my days lengthened indefinitely, I would never claim my rights. It is a sad story, dear," he repeats, sighing softly, "and I had better tell it now and have it over with. I am the only child of an English nobleman. My father was very strict and stern, and kept me in subjection to his will long after I had reached my majority. I do not think I was any worse than other young men. I did not mingle in low society, or have any bad habits. I think my worst fault in my father's eyes, was my inordinate love of music, principally the violin. He did not care for it, and fancied it beneath my dignity and the high position which in the course of nature, I would occupy some day. But, my low proclivities, as he termed them, annoyed him greatly.

"The only son of an English peer going about like a common fiddler," he would say contemptuously. And then, I fear, Vera, I did not give him the respect due a parent from a son; and sometimes we quarreled, and the servants, of course, overheard, for one can never hide such things from the prying eyes and ears of hirelings, and remarks were made, which, later on, served to stand in evidence against me.

"My father's only brother also had one son, who was but a child, at the time of which I speak. I mention all these things, Vera, so that you may fully understand the situation. My uncle was a gloomy, unpleasant sort of character, and was never apparently happy only when stirring up some disagreeable affair between my father and myself. Well, I suppose, I was very headstrong, and willful, but I was not bad, Vera, and I was thirty years old; too old to be treated like a child.

"I plunged into debt and traveled all over the world in spite of my father's interdiction, and to defray the expenses I sacrificed the small personal fortune which was in my name. Then began a bitter warfare between my father and myself, always encouraged and incited by my uncle. As time passed, the state of affairs grew worse and at last the end came. One morning my poor father was found dead in his bed, a bullet hole in his heart. There had been a serious quarrel between us the night before and all the servants were ready to bear witness to that fact. And I could not be found. Dear, I had left home directly after the quarrel with my father, taking with me nothing but my violin—the old Stradivarius—and now you know why I love it so dearly. I shipped at once for America, without knowing my father's tragic fate, and here I have lived ever since. What was my horror, some time later, to find that I was accused of my father's murder.

"Circumstances hedged me in, and when I announced my intention of returning to England to stand my trial, my lawyer advised me not to do so. For my uncle had contrived to throw suspicion so completely upon me, that there was no way out of the labyrinth, and it seemed utterly impossible for me to prove my innocence. Looking back upon it now, I see my great mistake. I should not have heeded the lawyer's advice, but should have gone at once to my old home to defend myself from the hideous charge. But it is too late now, and I must bear the consequences.

"That was more than thirty years ago. Ten years after my father's death an old servitor on the estate confessed on his death-bed that he had been a witness to my father's death. He had died by his own hand. There was no reason now, why I should not go home and take possession of my inheritance; but, in the meantime, I had met your mother, dear, and we loved each other. We were married, and when you were four years old, I lost my eyesight. And then she left me for another and better world, and I was alone. And yet not alone, for I had you. Had it not been for you, I think I should have died. Dear, I have drifted along through life ever since, caring nothing for worldly honors; but now I know the mistake I made when I heeded the lawyer's advice. No doubt he was acting under instructions from my uncle. But the lawyer has since died, and I feel no animosity towards him or anyone now.

"Your uncle has taken possession of the title and estates, he wrote me; you are outlawed, banned, a price upon your head. Your return here would be disastrous. I advise you to remain for the present in America, and when your uncle dies (he is very feeble and canot live long), come and claim your own.

"And I was dunce enough to allow him to have his own way. I gave up home and inheritance, aye, honor itself, and stayed. And later, I heard of my uncle's death, and that his son reigned in his stead. But now, I have made up my mind to assert my rights at last, for your sake, dear, not for my own. The lawyer now in charge of the affairs of the estates, believes me dead, as an erroneous account of my death by drowning, was universally credited. I cannot blame my successor, for he does not know the truth, or dream that I am living. It is all my fault, Vera, all my foolish pride, which has kept me from claiming my own. But, it is not too late to benefit you. In our family, according to the law of succession, the children of the eldest son inherit, regardless of sex. How would you like to be Lady Vera Lynwood?"

She bends her graceful head and presses her lips to his cheek.

"I would rather be my father's daughter, simple Vera Moore," she answers softly. "I have no ambition for rank or title, or fortune. I would like money enough to live in comfort, and take care of you. I would give you the best of everything, for you deserve it, my poor darling. Oh, papa! why have you permitted this great wrong to be done you? You should have set yourself right in the eyes of the world. You owed that to yourself—to remove the shadow of suspicion from your name. I respect the title and estates, but honor above all!"

"My noble daughter!" (Smoothing back the soft hair from her brow, with trembling, uncertain hand). "Darling, I have told you my story, so that when I am gone you can claim your rights. The papers in the old desk tell you all. You must go to England, to London, and to Mr. Roger Lipscombe, my oldest friend. He will attend to everything for you. You are every inch a Lynwood, dear; your features betray your lineage. You must have your rights, Vera; you must claim them. Promise me to do so."

"I promise to do the best I can, papa," she answers, solemnly; "the very best I can."

And he kisses her once more, and then lies very still. After a time he arouses.

"Give me the sleeping draught, daughter," he says, "I want to rest. Then, do you go out into the fresh air; I know you are tired of this close room. Hepsy will sit with me."

She obeys him and a little later when he is resting quietly she goes down the broad gravel walk which leads from the old house into the straggling, unkept grounds.

And here Vane Van Dyck finds her, seated under a tree in the gold of the dying sunset. She lifts her eyes and sees him coming, and her heart leaps into her throat.

"Sir Arthur has not forgotten me!" the timid, trembling heart whispers. He comes straight up to her, and takes her in his arms.

"Vera, Vera," he says, his voice trembling perceptibly, "why did you leave me in that cold way? She, Dora, Miss Churchill, said that you were angry, and left Fairview because you hate us all. But, I do not believe it. And, I have come here as soon as possible to see you, and tell you, oh, Vera, Vera, I love you! I love you with all my heart!"

And he forgets that he has never undeceived her. That to Vera Moore he is Sir Arthur Geraint and not Vane Van Dyck, the poor secretary.

(To be continued next week.)

AN ALPINE PASS ON SKI.

(Continued from first page.)

sonable slope, where one might fall with impunity. And now came the real sport of snow shoeing. Hitherto we had walked as fast as boots would do, over ground where no boots could pass. But now we had a pleasure which boots can never give. For a third of a mile we shot along over gently dipping curves skimming down into the valley without a motion of our feet. In that great untrodden waste, with snow fields bounding our vision on every side, and no marks of life save the tracks of chamois and of foxes, it was glorious to whizz along in this easy fashion. A short zig-zag at the bottom of the slope brought us at half-past 9 into the mouth of the pass, and we could see the little toy hotels of Arosa away down among the fir woods thousands of feet beneath us.

THE SKI A SHOE OR A SLED, AT YOUR PLEASURE.

Again we had a half mile or so, skimming along with our poles dragging behind us. It seemed to me that the difficulty of our journey was over and that we had only to stand on our "ski" and let them carry us to our destination. But the most awkward place was yet in front. The slope grew steeper until it suddenly fell away into what was little short of being sheer precipice. But still that little when there is soft snow upon it is all that is needed to bring out another possibility of those wonderful slips of wood. The brothers Branger agreed that the place was too difficult to attempt with the "ski" upon our feet. To me it seemed as if a parachute was the only instrument for which we had any use, but I did as I saw my companions do. They undid their "ski" lashed the straps together, and turned them into a rather clumsy toboggan. Sitting on these with our heels dug into the snow, and our sticks pressed hard down behind us, and began to move down the precipitous face of the pass. I think that both my comrades came to grief over it. I know that they were as white as Lot's wife at the bottom. But my own troubles were so pressing that I had no time to think of them. I tried to keep the pace within moderate bounds by pressing on the stick, which had the effect of turning the sledge sideways so that one skidded down the slope. Then I dug my heels hard in, which shot me off backwards and in an instant my two "skis," tied together, flew away like an arrow from a bow, whizzed past the two Brangers, and vanished over the next slope, leaving their owner squatting in the deep snow.

OVER SNOW DRIFTS THIRTY FEET DEEP.

It might have been an awkward accident in the upper field where the drifts are twenty or thirty feet deep. But the steepness of the place was an advantage now, for the snow could not accumulate to any very great extent upon it. I made my way down in my own fashion. My tailor tells me that Harris tweed cannot wear out. This is a mere theory and will not stand a thorough scientific test. He will find samples of his wares on view from the Furka Pass to Arosa, and for the remainder of the day I was happiest when nearest the wall.

However, save that one of the Brangers sprained his ankle badly in the descent, all went well with us and we entered Arosa at half-past 11, having taken exactly seven hours over our journey. The residents at Arosa who knew that we were coming had calculated that we could not possibly get there before 1, and turned out to see us descend the steep pass just about the time when we were finishing a comfortable luncheon at the Seehof. I should not grudge them any innocent amusement, but still I was just as glad that my own little performance was over before they assembled with their opera glasses. One can do very well without a gallery when one is trying a new experiment on "ski."

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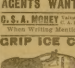

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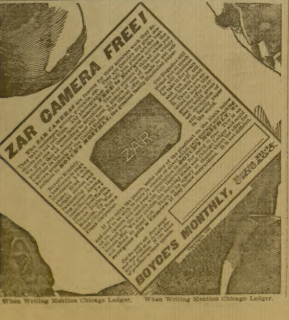

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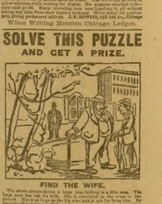

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SYNOPSIS.

On her bridal eve, Amy Lyons, a beautiful Boston heiress, mysteriously disappears. It is simultaneously discovered that $100,000 worth of diamonds and wedding presents are missing. The only clue is the imprint of a gigantic hand on the window sill, and a letter dropped by Amy in her flight, proving that she went willingly. Olga Hendrick, a handsome model who posed formerly for the bridegroom is suspected of complicity in the abduction and robbery.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ROBBERY.

The night was dark.

The starless heavens overhead were as intensely black as were the icy waters close about the boat in which the two men were seated—a dense, impenetrable gloom.

Yet upon the more remote surface of the river were shed faint rays from distant lights along the shore, and tremulous gleams from soldier-like electrics on the somber bridges which spanned on either hand the grim abyss.

Over the pale snow which mantled the land and those portions of the Charles which were solidly frozen, hung the vague glow, cast from thousands of windows in the long array of imposing dwellings above the river bank. Among these, even, one appeared more brilliant than any of the others, being illumined from basement to roof; the Lyons residence, in which were already gathering the guests bidden to the solemn festivities—and the agonized woman who had yielded herself to crime.

It was in this direction that the bow of the boat was turned, and it was upon this dwelling that the eyes of the man in her stern were for the most part fixed.

"Pull softly, Cupid, and slowly," he commanded, in a low voice, after a considerable silence.

"Who's to hear us?" returned the dwarf. "The river's as dark and deserted as a graveyards."

"True; yet we'd best be wary. We have ample time, and it's safer hanging about here than on the shore. Rest on your oars."

The dwarf obeyed, and took the opportunity to feel in the bottom of the boat for his bottle, from which he took a long draught.

"That's the house, where the lights are, ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You know the ground?"

"Perfectly."

"Where'd you send the old woman?"

"Over into Beacon street to wait an answer to a letter," replied Mr. Prague, who appeared unusually communicative.

The dwarf took advantage of it. He felt that a case in which his interests were so seriously involved, he could not be too well informed of the movements of his confederate, who so generally was inclined to browbeat and threaten him into obedience.

"What letter?" he asked, with a cunning assumption of indifference.

"One I had written to the girl about to be married."

"Then you know her?"

Mr. Prague laughed in his oddly cold and vicious way.

"Rather," he answered grimly. "If there's a man on earth of whom she stands in special fear I am that man. I knew her up Pittsfield way—in fact, I worked awhile for her father. Cupid, she's the only girl for whom I ever felt a special liking—I loved her."

"You—you!"

Only by a most tremendous effort could the dwarf suppress a roar of derisive laughter and his subdued hilarity even caused the boat to rock as if in a storm. Without a moment's hesitation Prague bent forward and dealt him a stinging blow in the face.

"Do you laugh, you missapen devil!" he cried in a fierce whisper, his features suddenly grown livid with passion. "Do you ridicule my love! Know, then, that I can hate as ardently, and that I serve my passions to the very limit. She discovered that, and so may you, if you live to know me well. Swing in toward the ice, there. It's striking 8!"

The dwarf resented the blow in mind only, and stared at the ruffian with a malicious grin on his hideous face.

"Certainly, Gus. Whatever you say," he muttered, with mock humility, as he let the oar blades silently return to the water. "But the letter, Gus? What answer do you expect the old woman to bring you?"

"Probably none," replied Prague, apparently mollified by his companion's servility. "But I once threatened the girl, and of late I have watched for opportunities to remind her of that threat. I yesterday wrote her the letter to which there may come an answer, but the answer, whatever it might be, would be immaterial. My design has been only to turn suspicion of the night's work from myself. Steady! You're close upon the ice!"

The dwarf glanced over his shoulder then quickly shipped his oars and crept into the bow. Already the light boat was cutting her way through the thin ice bordering the black sheet beyond, thick and strong enough to easily sustain their weight. By breaking the way for a few feet, the boat was speedily brought to a desired position, and the dwarf carefully slipped out upon the floe.

"Is it solid?" demanded Prague, with caution.

"As a rock!"

"Haul the grapnel after you then, and make her fast where she lies."

While his comanpion was engaged in this work, which required some exercise of care, Mr. Prague deliberately removed his top coat and folded it in the stern of the boat, like a man calmly making ready for grim and desperate business. He then donned a thick black beard, which completely hid his lower features and gave him a more than ever ruffianly appearance, and thus accourted, and with a stout canvas bag gathered beneath his arm, he cautiously made his way to the ice.

"All ready, Cupid?"

"Yes, Gus."

The dwarf arose from securing the grapnel as he spoke and the other briefly laid his hand on the creature's shoulder.

"Now," said he, surveying him with grim earnestness: "the work is fairly begun! You are sure you know precisely what you are to do?"

"Trust me!" rejoined the dwarf, with a determined shake of his ugly head.

"Let it be done, then," continued Prague; "with neatness and dispatch! Let every move be made silently, speedily, without hesitation, and without confusion! Keep cool, act rapidly, and the result is assured!"

"Trust me!" repeated the dwarf, with convincing simplicity.

Ten minutes later the two men, if one of them may be so called, were crouching below the embankment wall, directly opposite and within fifty feet of the Lyons residence. It was then precisely half past eight.

The only sound that broke the surrounding silence was the soft strains of music from within the house. The narrow roadway above them was gloomy and deserted, a gloom relieved only by the noiseless white carpeting which so well served their purpose.

On the opposite side rose the high wooden fence, itself but little darker than the surrounding darkness. Beyond this towered the rear elevation of the lofty dwelling, its lace-adorned windows aglow with light, its inmates plainly visible at times to the watchers without, and one only of all the joyous gathering dreaming of the outrage about to be done.

"There she is, Gus, the she-devil! There—up in the second window!"

This announcement broke at length from the lips of the dwarf, in a whisper of intense excitement, and he raised himself to point in the direction indicated.

But excitement seemed utterly foreign to Mr. Prague.

"Yes, she has unfastened the window," he said, in a low, self-satisfied voice. "Come with me. It is time that we cleared the fence."

The dwarf seemed imbued with an infernal eagerness. At the heels of his confederate he clambered up the low stone wall, and, rather than walked, danced after him to the opposite side of the way. At a single bound, and before Prague could check him, he had leaped up and caught the top of the fence and swung himself astride it. Despite his size and weight, despite his deformity, his every movement was characterized by extraordinary strength and agility, and accomplished with a silence as remarkable as his aspect and manifest eagerness were hideous and unnatural.

"Careful, you dog!" growled his companion, on beholding the maneuver. "Careful, I say!"

"Shall I drop over and unbolt the gate?"

"Yes—but no noise!"

"Not a sound!"

The dwarf disappeared like an evil spirit. Despite his efforts, Prague could detect no disturbance resulting from this movements, and presently his malicious, grinning countenance appeared through the open gate. The other immediately joined him, and they stood in the yard together.

Here it was not so dark. Lights were burning in the basement, and although the curtains at the windows were drawn, the faint glow was shed upon the white snow and about the two malefactors.

"Get within the shadow of the shed!" whispered Prague, drawing him closer to the building. "You know the way—by the box there, thence to the wall, and so to the roof! But do not move till you hear me whistle, and then—move like light and as silently!"

"Trust me!"

"Once on the roof, wait till I join you! Her scream from within must precede our final move! Ready, now, and keep cool! I'll slip outside the gate, that I may better see her signal, and my answer be more removed!"

He withdrew even while speaking, and stood alone just outside the gate. The shed itself was in silence and darkness, but from within the basement rooms could be heard the voices of the servants in noisy intercourse, and the sound of music from the rooms above.

The eyes of the knave were steadily fixed upon the drawing-room window. He felt that he had laid his plans well, and that success was sure to follow, but like so many before him he had over-leaped the saddle, and the one step he had taken to avert suspicion was destined to bring suspicion upon him. Even he, with all his designing, could not foresee what there must take place that night.

Five minutes passed; eight minutes passed—and then his whistle, short, sharp and crisp, momentarily broke the silence.

The dwarf moved like a demon electrified. In two powerful bounds he had gained the summit of the brick wall, and seemingly before Prague's whistle had ceased to thrill the night air, he had crossed the shed roof as silently as a shadow, as ugly as a nightmare, as swift and sure in every movement as a frenzied ape, and was crouching beneath the window of the rear chamber, his every nerve and muscle quivering with excitement, his dreadful lips twitching like a leopard's close upon its prey, his eyes glaring from his hideous face like balls of living fire.

Prague, not much less rapid and determined, yet much less excited, was not far behind him, and for several moments he stared fiercely in through the lace draperies, which, while they served to conceal those in the outer darkness, were no obstacle to a plain view of the lighted room.

There were but two persons in the chamber at that moment—Amy Lyons, in her bridal attire, and officer Dalton. It was then that she was about to send him in search of the butler.

Prague, with eyes which suddenly blazed when he beheld her, laid his hand upon the dwarf's shoulder, and felt him trembling like a leaf.

"Steady! steady!" he whispered, the breath being barely audible. "Take your word from me! The man is the officer! The woman is the bride! Steady, I say! By heavens, she's sending him away! Move a trifle—let me run these knife blades beneath the sash, that I may raise it quickly! That's well! Be ready, now! Enter the instant I throw it open, and first of all close and lock the door! Amy alone—perdition take Hedrick! why don't she—"

The word scream, with which he would have concluded his furious whisperings, was interrupted by the scream itself, ringing with piercing shrillness through the house.

Amy Lyons started—stood like a woman

"LOOK! LOOK! GOOD GOD, GUS, THE WOMAN'S FOLLOWING US!"

suddenly shocked—stared wildly toward the rear hall whence the scream had sounded—but she did not stir to leave the room.

Prague fiercely watched her for an instant—and instants were of hourly value then.

"Curse her! she's not going!" he hissed suddenly. "It must be done despite her, Cupid. The door first! In with you!"

And he threw open the window.

With a single leap the dwarf was in the room.

Amy Lyons turned and beheld him in all his appalling hideousness. She changed to the color of death itself, made one vain effort to move, to cry out, to give expression to her sickening, overwhelming terror and then her knees seemed suddenly to give way beneath her, and she sank like one dead upon the floor.

Yet no one without heard her fall.

The dwarf had ignored her, and had crossed the room like an evil genius and noiselessly closed and locked the door.

When he turned, Gus Prague was already in the room, and engaged in hurriedly transferring to his canvas bag such articles as were of greatest value and most easily portable. His composure in such a situation was nothing less than marvelous.

"Well done, Cupid! Let the larger pieces remain, my clever lad," he said softly, when the dwarf darted to assist him. "Take everything in the way of sparks and jewelry. There's a bracelet yonder, my son! Get those forks and spoons out of their case—that's clever! Dump them right in; they won't break. Ah, there goes Hedrick again. She can scream like a calliope when need be. She's playing her part to perfection, bless her dear heart! Get the tray yonder—that's solid! Ah, they are helping her upstairs. Your room is at her service, and your maid, Mrs. Lyons? Why, of course! let the doctor prescribe for the poor girl, she's so ill! Possibly he'll kill her, which would greatly relieve my mind. The bag's full, Cupid! D—n me! but Amy treated us better than I could have hoped. She wilted like a rag. How white she looks! in your coat with those gold hat pins, Cupid! That's clever—and now we're away!"

They departed as they had come, quickly, noiselessly, resolutely, bearing their booty with them.

They had barely disappeared through the window, when the woman lying upon the floor moved.

They had only gained the snow-covered ice at the bank of the river when the dwarf, glancing backward over his shoulder, gasped in accents of indescribable amazement:

"Look! look! Good God, Gus! the woman's following us!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AMY LYONS.

In person and character Amy Lyons was of that type of woman most properly termed lovable. Though only just turned 20, she was possessed of a well developed yet daintily attractive figure, and a sweetly pretty face; with regular features and a pure pink and white complexion, which responded in charming blushes to her every quickened sentiment; with clear blue eyes, at once modest and warm in their expression of affection, and plainly indicative of a trustful and painfully sensitive nature. The type of woman quick to win the best love of men and the sympathetic affection of women.

Brief contact with such a social world as she had never known, had not overcome in her that rustic simplicity and rare modesty and diffidence, which had been her birthright and the natural acquirement of her for the most part humble life. She had been bred to simple things, and her new experience awed her; she had not been accustomed to wealth, and this contact with and care of riches frightened her. Though her character was essentially lofty, it was not sufficiently strong to meet without secret awe and trembling the more intense experiences of life; yet when they came upon her, her modesty, her sensitive reserve, her fear of betraying simplicity and weakness, constrained her to attempt to meet them unadvised and alone. It is to such characters that strange and painful experiences seem most frequent to come; and as a result of both, was produced the extraordinary effect which it has become our province to depict.

It will be remembered that inspector Morris, when making his inquiries soon after the robbery was discovered, was unable to learn that Amy Lyons had written, during the evening, the brief letter which he had found upon the roof of the shed. Nevertheless, the letter had been written that evening, but so early as to have escaped observation.

That no person had seen Amy with the letter in her hand, that she had slipped away to her room immediately after dinner to write it, that she had not mentioned receiving the letter to which it was an answer, nor disclosed the circumstances from which had resulted such a correspondence, will suggest with what apprehension and aversion she regarded the whole affair, and to what extremes may be driven so timid, sensitive and credulous a person.

While the events which had resulted in this correspondence will not until a more suitable time be rehearsed in full, it may be well for clearness sake to here present the letter which she that afternoon had received from Mr. Prague. It read as follows:

"Miss Lyons—Do you remember what I once threatened—that before I would suffer you to become the wife of another man I would kill that man in cold blood, even though I swung for it? Twice of late you have evaded me upon the street when I attempted to broach this subject, and I know how vain would be any effort on my part to see you in your home.

"You cannot know what agony I suffer from my vain love for you, from your aversion, and from the realization that you are about to wed another. Sometimes I feel that I am going mad! My passion is a frenzy, from which I can find no relief! Yet even in my passion and madness I shrink from bringing sorrow upon you.

"But I hate the man you will marry as intensely as I love you! In my insuperable despair I can conceive of no greater joy than that of seeing him dead at my feet! In my overwhelming envy and hatred I could annihilate him, body and soul!

"Yet for your sake I struggle against these feelings, and for sake of your happiness I wish to go far away beyond the possibility of doing harm to the man you love.

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The oldest rosebush in the world is at Hildesheim, Germany; Charlemagne planted it more than 1,000 years ago, in commemoration of the embassy received from Haroun al Rashid, the caliph.

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L. Gerstle & Co. are the women's friends. They have agreed to send free to our lady readers a book on diseases of women. Their coupon appears on the last page, cut it out and they will send the book at once, all charges paid. Don't miss this generous offer.

The oldest city in the world is Nipur, the "Older Bel" of Babylon; the foundations were laid 7,000 years B C; the ruins have lately been unearthed.

The largest telegraph office in the world is in the general postoffice building, London, over 3,000 operators being employed.

The oldest tree in the British isle is the Brobourne yew, in Kent, 3,000 years old.

If I return to Sweden, to my native land, I there may find interests which will enable me to overcome my bitter suffering.

"I have not the money necessary for the journey. If you will provide me with the money—it will not require more than $100—I will at once leave America, and never return. If not—God only knows what may happen!

"If you will favorably regard this proposal, if you will aid me to this extent, send a brief note by your butler to the corner opposite your home at 9 tomorrow night. I or some person to be trusted, and who knows the butler by sight, will be there to receive it. I may not be able to trust myself so near the object of my hatred.

"For my sake, at least, if not for your own, help me out of the country, as far as possible from that which surely is driving me to madness! G. PRAGUE."

To the sagacious reader, the motive actuating Mr. Prague in sending this letter, to which he really expected no answer, will immediately be apparent. It was, on the face of it, but a piece of brazen impudence, the scheming of a rascal who was altogether too cowardly to take chances of the hangman's noose; yet it had been calculated to serve a purpose, and but for events which he could by no means have foreseen, chiefly the conduct of the girl herself, it might have done so.

To Amy Lyons such a letter, the passion of such a man, in fact the whole affair, was hideous and disgusting. She shrank from disclosing the situation to her uncle and aunt, for she knew their aversion to such things, and realized her obligation to them. Nor would she reveal the facts to Vilnor, lest his indignation should lead him to resent them, and he should be brought into personal danger.

She resolved upon what, to her, appeared the wisest and safest course—to take the knave, in no little fear of whom she really stood, upon his own terms.

Immediately after dinner, not far from 7 o'clock, she wrote the note in answer to his letter, and concealed it in a book in her chamber. From a sum of money, drawn from the bank for use during her wedding journey, she took double the amount requested, and, inclosing it in an envelope, placed it in the pocket of her bridal dress.

"If he responds at once," she nervously reasoned, "I can see him at the door after the ceremony, and hand him the money. It must be done before my departure. I will at present say nothing to the butler about the note, but just before 9 I will contrive to send him over to the corner unnoticed."

Having thus decided and planned the matter, she tossed Prague's letter into a drawer of her desk, and immediately upon the arrival of her maids began to prepare herself for the marriage.

Though she grew more and more nervous over the affair as the evening wore on, she managed to conceal her feelings, and just before 9 o'clock she unobservedly took the letter from the book, crumpled it in her hand to conceal it, and started to find the butler.

She refrained from sending any of her companions for him, lest their curiosity should be aroused, and on reaching the hall upon which her chamber opened, and observing the throng of guests below, she realized that she herself could not well go down, though she knew the butler to be on duty in the vestibule.

Doubtful for a moment, she glanced into the rear chamber, and observed that Officer Dalton was alone there. She at once entered, and approached him with the request already made known, and in another moment was standing there alone in his place. It was from this moment that her most extraordinary experience began.

Her eyes fell upon the tables, laden from end to end with rare and costly gifts. Instantly an overwhelming sense of solitude and responsibility fell upon her, and, following it, a swift and almost insuperable fear.

"I was careless—horribly so! I should not have sent him away! What if anything should happen! What if robbers were suddenly to come?"

Some psychological influence, possibly resulting from the proximity of that which she feared, may have called up these thoughts in her excited brain, and her fear became greatly intensified.

Despite her efforts to govern herself, she fell to trembling violently. She felt as if an icy chill had suddenly swept over her, freezing her blood from head to foot; she half-started, resolved to call some one—and then there rang in her horrified ears the piercing scream of Olga Hedrick from the stairs below.

Her instantaneous and appalling thought was of Vilnor—and the threat made by Prague; the sickening possibility that the man she was to marry had been murdered.

Then, before she could move, she heard the window behind her thrown violently open.

She turned involuntarily—and beheld the dwarf!

The hideous creatue which suddenly leaped into the room, a deformity of most appalling aspect, with wildly gleaming eyes and distended mouth, a monster moving like a demon toward her—this alone was the cause of her falling senseless.

With the first sense of returning consciousness, however, there returned those vivid and acute impressions of the robbery and the responsibility which had been hers. Under their painful intensity, she revived with preternatural quickness. Rising to her feet, she gazed wildly about the room. The open window caught her dilated eyes. Like one madly anxious to recover something lost, she ran to the window and looked out. A dim figure was discernible climbing down from the brick wall.

Without a moment's hesitation she sprang to the sill of the window and thence to the roof of the shed. The letter, still retained in her clenched hand, was now unconsciously dropped. But one thought seemed to possess her—that of recovering what was lost. And but one method seemed to present itself to her disordered mind—that of following the thieves and reclaiming her property by force, or of discovering by secret detection the spot where she seemed instinctively to feel it would be concealed.

Though the detective instinct was quickened to a supernatural degree, and all that she had ever read or heard of such things was vividly revived, she was lost to all resources save those invested in herself. As the responsibility so briefly assumed had been hers alone, so the duty of recovery seemed to be hers alone; a feeling probably intensified by those natural tendencies of the girl, when in a normal condition, of which observation has been made.

The course taken by the robbers, whom she still could dimly discern through the darkness, determined her course. Quickly crossing the shed, she fearlessly, and with that blind assurance and strange stability which marks the movements of a somnambulist, sprang down to the brick wall, then to the wooden structure below and thence to the ground. It was a feat from which she in a normal condition would have shrunk with alarm, yet now it was performed without sense of the danger.

Crossing the yard, she darted out to the open gate. Prague and the dwarf were about descending the river bank, and though scarcely twenty feet away were barely discernible through the gloom. It was at this moment that detective Morris discovered the locked door of the chamber; and, too, the dwarf glanced back and gave utterance to his exclamation of amazement.

"Look! look! Good God, Gus! the woman's following us!"

Prague turned like a flash, and instantly recognized the gray-clad figure, which, seemingly but a moment before, he had left lying unconscious on the chamber floor. An oath, evincing his intense astonishment, broke from his lips.

"Quick! to the boat!" he commanded fiercely, under his breath. "She must not overtake us—must not see what direction we take! How the devil did she ever come down from that room?"

While speaking, he hurried in the direction of the boat, closely followed by the dwarf, and hoping to elude further observation in the darkness. But he was quite heavily laden with the spoils of his crime, and the snow covered surface of the river was like glass. Before he had gained the clear ice some thirty feet from the shore, he again glanced back, and to his intense chagrin and alarm beheld Amy Lyons not more than twenty feet behind them, hurriedly approaching, yet uttering not a sound. At the same moment the dwarf slipped and fell.

With a [illegible], Prague dropped his burden and drew a knife from his pocket.

"She must be silenced!" he cried angrily. "Our safety—"

"Not on your life!"

The interruption came from the throat of the dwarf with a growl like that of a mastiff, and with eyes aflame he leaped up and caught his confederate by the wrist in a brief but vicious struggle.

"No bloodshed for me—not a drop!" he growled furiously, wrestling away the weapon. "No woman's blood, if I know it! Away! to the boat and leave the girl to me!"

Amy was already close upon them, and Prague, briefly nonplused, caught up his burden and ran for the boat. The dwarf instantly cast himself prone upon the ice, rolled like an animated ball under the feet of the approaching girl, threw her bodily over him, and as quickly leaped up again and darted after his companion.

A groan only, like a groan of terrible despair, broke from the girl's lips when she fell. Ere she could rise again, they whom she followed and who now began to marvel at her strange silence were aboard the boat, and clear of the ice.

"Now, now, you ugly devil!" commanded Prague, with vicious ferocity. "Not that way—not toward the Cambridge shore. Row down stream! It must not appear to her that we come from Cambridge! Row down stream till we can cross unseen! D—n her and you! This is the worst ending of a well-planned job that I ever knew!"

"It would have been, had you used that!" growled the dwarf, casting the knife at the other's feet.

"You yet may wish I had! She alone saw your ugly visage, and it's one to be remembered!"

"Let it be so!" muttered the dwarf, straining hard at the oars. "I've no wish to hang. I should suffer more than a man of your build. Besides, I don't like the thought of blood—not a woman's blood!"

And his eyes were bent with a most sullen glare on those of the man in the stern.

Owing to the imminent danger of discovery, Prague could vent his wrath in subdued threats and maledictions only, while directing their course down the river. They were already well removed from the ice, and nothing more had been seen of Amy Lyons.

Yet she had risen as quickly as possible from her violent fall, still inspired with that strongly abnormal and desperate resolution to follow them. But now the darkness had swallowed them up, and they were lost to her view.

(To be continued next week.)

An Effect in Fur and Lace.

A Paris model in a pale but rich shade of pink satin should be described as a reception gown—the plain, beautifully cut skirt being trained and trimmed with flat applique of jeweled lace. The bodice, which fitted (hardly any seams) perfectly to the figure, was completed with revers of green velvet covered with lace and edged with sable, a rope of violets being carelessly thrown across the corsage. This gown was a perfect design of what is being worn in Paris and showed the combination of flowers, fur and lace so beloved.

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AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

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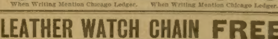

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March 8, "Elissa; or, The Doom of Zimbabwe," will begin.

The czar and czarina will receive their friends at the Paris exposition of 1900 in their own pavilion, which will cost $40,000.

Eagles do not have different mates every season, as many suppose. They pair for life, and sometimes occupy the same nest for many years.

Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson) announces that she will never appear on the stage, and dilates upon the "relief and happiness" she has found in one of the simple, quiet life" that she now enjoys.

At the thirteenth prize given paid, the Chicago Ledger has secured the serial rights to Rider Haggard's magnificent new tale of romance and adventure, "Elissa; or, The Doom of Zimbabwe," March 2 the first chapters will appear.

A pretty little book for children is the "Little Folks' Reader and Speaker Book," published by the Williams and Whitney company, Chicago. Another thing that will make it especially interesting to the little folks is that the writer is only seven years of age.

A Canadian bride has introduced a new and striking feature in wedding ceremonies. She appeared at the altar with her pet canary fastened to her shoulder by a gold chain, and the minister at the ceremony bound the bird burst into song. It was very suitable to the chilling nuptials.

Dissolute in Hungary are compelled to submit to a physical examination, and those who has been foolish enough to marry have never yet escaped by the skin of their teeth of them, in the same house. This would seem to be a hint to America. But in a case of sin or cloth, the law has some pity for the rash.

Ignatius Donnelly's new book will be a condensation of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory. He will claim that Bacon not only wrote Shakespeare's plays and sonnets, but that his pen was probably responsible for the authorship of the "Don Quixote." The only thing left for Mr. Donnelly to do now is to prove that Bacon wrote the bible. Perchance matrimony will prove a panacea for all this in his case, however.

It is a curious thing that we rarely see a person who approaches perfection. A fat one will be the exception, and a fellow which form as close a part of ours character. We are all built wrong. The mother's heart ever turns to the wayward child, the child that is sick and in proof of the one who never grieves, yet the love and the sympathy of her heart are given to the one who escapes the best hath the most and best friends. It is the little frailties that we have in us, which make the possessor one seem all the more lovable.

Miss Marie Engel is a plucky little woman with an almost unequaled amount of determination. She is now in Paris as American prima donna appearing on the Spanish stage for the first time since the feeling in Spain against American prima donnas has been aroused by the assault at its various boxes have to be awarded a fine of sufficient value to the Spanish newspaper ever appears without an editorial, or at least an article attacking America. But Marie Engel has done that, and by her pluck has carried the day. Advices from Madrid are to the effect that no one hereafter will be hissed until the second act of Thomas' "Hamlet," when it was to that very thing in the fair poet and sounded "Americana," and a storm of hisses accompanied them. Miss Engel showed signs of nervousness, but continued to sing, the audience continuing to hiss and cry at her. When she finally came to the end of the song, she rose, it is said that her manner at last settled down and she sang the remainder with the composure of a prima donna. Her manner of singing the demonstrations so disapproved, and then she entered into the scene and sang and acted in such a manner that the audience forgot its patriotism in its artistic delight, and when she left the stage it was with a storm of applause sounding through the house. More than that, the Queen Regent kissed her hand to her and did it encore; in an opera a manner that the whole house rose and applauded the queen's generosity.

THE PICTURE.

There is a picture in my room
No stranger eyes shall ever see,
Till God for mitch to them, perhaps,
A holy thing to me.

She labored in a narrow land,
Narrow of soil or river shored
Narrow of words or prairie sweep;
Small things were about her done.

Her face was brown with sun and toil;
Her eyes were mystical and deep;
Her hands were fine and fixed to work
Her mouth was grave to speak.

Between the tasks she toiled at
She sat with folded hands and she had
Her dreams that I would say
Absurdly, wisely sad.

But she who held the weekend fruit,
Who bore the burden and the heat
Of day, who labored in faith
Her love of bird and bloom.

She was a kind and saintly woman she,
Who bore and reared and nursed her babes
Who made her river still with prayer
Like to a soul God's pressure tills.

She saw the visions of sleeping
Homeward against that tender light;
Her dreams were of the road
Before the face of night.

She saw the shadows of earth grow great,
Grow great within her as she wrought,
Till they were lost in the blood
Was night, and midnight!

The poor maidens, faded cloth,
With the cheap flats and shaky lines,
Were to her people wonderful
When once the eye divined.

Who knew, and told in halting rhyme,
To tell the things my soul would see,
Hung it on wall from wood and stone
A holy thing to me.

—Tom's Companion.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

He Was Jealous of Cousin Stephen but the Telegram Settled the Quarrel.

It is just four months since we had been married—since we had sworn all the other men in the world should not have each other, and now we were quarreling in the most terrible manner.

We had been very happy when I married you, and we were quarreling in the most terrible manner.

It was an awful thing to do, and I said it sarcastically, "rush indeed."

Then he got angry, and he demanded with flaming cheeks.

"Why I said it, as had I imagined I should have accepted at such a performance as that?" And then he said I was unreasonable, and I said he was unjust, and then we began to express my feelings.

"Oh, my head," he said breathlessly, "it was all your unreasoning jealousy—"

"Jealousy! I scorned the very idea of unreasoning jealousy.

"Don't you know you were angry because I would not go to the theatre?"

"Stephen can send you a whole confectionery if he likes," I said, with the most assumed indifference, nevertheless I loathed Stephen, and he knew it, and I could not help saying so much as the lavish attention of this cousin of mine, who was always sending me boxes of candy and bunches of violets and bottles of orchids." I went on crushly, "no doubt Stephen will send you a box of sweets."

"I don't like for things," she said scornfully, "and I thought you knew that I did not know would hurt me the most, "if I really knew you cared for me, you would not have sent Stephen a box of sweets."

SIMON DALE

By ANTHONY HOPE

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["Simon Dale" was begun in No. 64. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent of the Ledger at the Chicago office, Price five cents.]

SYNOPSIS.

Simon Dale, the teller of the story, falling in love with Barbara, daughter of the Puritan Colonel Carford, and one of the young officers are diverted by the appearance of a mysterious London beauty named Cynthia, who recently arrived at Hatchstead. On Cynthia's return to London in a coach accompanied by the King's Guards, he goes to London, disguised as one of the King's guards, and overhears a conversation which convinces him the beauty is a spy. He becomes a favorite of the young King's and Buckingham and is attached to his suite. Goes to Dover with the duke, where a reception is given the King's sister, Duchess of Orleans. Later, king of France and Lorraine, Scotland and Ireland, and Duke of Guienne, Dauphin of Viennois, Count of Provence, Forcalquier and Arles, Duke of Burgundy, Antwerp, Brabant, Limburg, Luxemburg and Gueldres, Count of Flanders, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, Namur and Zutphen, Marquis of the Holy Roman Empire, Lord of Frisia, Salins, Tournay, Malines, Utrecht, Groningen and Ommelanden, Overyssel, Zutphen and Drenthe, Sovereign Prince of Asturia and Gerona, Count of Barcelona, Roussillon and Cerdagne, Lord of Biscay and Molin, Prince of Catalonia, Duke of Athens and Neopatria, Count of Ribagorza, Duke of Neopatria, Count of Rousillon and Cerdagne, Marquis of Oristano and Gociano, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Brabant and Milan, Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, Tyrol, Barcelona, Artois and Burgundy, Palatine of Hainault, Holland, Zealand, Tyrol, Pfirt and Kyburg, Landgrave of Alsace, Prince of Swabia, Margrave of Burgau, Upper and Lower Lusatia and Namur, Count of Habsburg, Ferrette, Kyburg, Namur, Roussillon, Cerdagne, Artois and Burgundy, Palatine of Alsace, Lord of Salins, Tournay, Malines, Frisia, Utrecht, Groningen, Overyssel, Zutphen and Drenthe, Lord of Asia and Africa, Patras, Duke of Athens and Neopatria, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Lothier, Brabant, Limburg, Luxemburg, Guelders, Calabria, Athens, Neopatria, Gerona, Barcelona, Gozzo and Zutphen, Count of Habsburg, Flanders, Tyrol, Artois, Burgundy, Palatine, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, Ferrette, Kyburg, Namur, Roussillon, Cerdagne, Rizzano and Zutphen, Marquis of Oristano and Gociano, Lord of Frisia, Salins, Tournay, Malines

IN WINTER TIME.

BY FRANK STANTON.

Hot water, ice and snow—
How we do so enjoy
Little white in winter,
Then a smile from May.

Thanksgiving for the weather—
Let it come or go.
There's a case—the goddess knows—
For every fake of snow.

Lots of fun in extinction,
Pat—fake—for every sleight;
Ever since the fake
Sir Isaac Newton.

Some one will bring stories
Cleaned from all impurity,
And the editor calling:
"Open dis hash door!"

A CROP OF CURLS.

Coquettish Nightcaps Are in Vogue Among Women, Owing Partly to the Beauty of Their Hair.

After all, our grandmothers did know best about some things, to the admission

Coquettish night cap.

of the girl of it, who has been listening to her father on "Helps to Beauty" and "The Hygiene of Good Looks," and has become impressed with the fact that half a vote, forty ago, when the nightcap was worn, heavy suits of any kind were the rule rising women and not the exception, as in the case to-day.

Nothing draws two locks together and keeps the hair in curl more than a cap, for her own intelligent little sake, the small and progressive damsel is endlessly drawing her nightcap in a headgear carefully thought out and warranted to help her to a crop of curls, that she may enjoy sleeping and nightcaps, and when you can persuade her to wear one she is delighted with the exquisite of new touch bonnie on the matter and what are the advantages of flannel over linen and silk over cotton, and the rig and color and properties and ways of wearing these hats, your talk will what and you will probably go off and get one yourself, and believe that self sacrifice and beauty lies in wearing your head covered at night.

Now there is a large flock of girls who wear only red nightcaps, and these made of Turkey red cotton or flannel are helpful as a drunkard's nose. They are doing this because a red nightcap by night is supposed, so, it is positively proved to be the proper thing to wear with a red petticoat by day. Many girls are now getting dresses of the hair a cotton can will keep absorb it, which red flannel, and the hair will not dry, dead looking locks, and bring out the faithful hair as a way no other nightcap variety can or will. The girls who wear white caps are those who have not the courage of their convictions, and who have a secret notion of red ribbons or on the nightcap, but who are afraid to do it. The white cap is the nightcap of compromise, and is worn by those who cannot wear red and who will not wear black. The white cap is fluted, however, and has a ribbon run through the edge, and this ribbon is drawn up and tied over the head, so please accept black. A black cap of taffeta, or other rich material, is the nightcap of unusual dreams, but it has never been known to fall to produce the hair like the young wheat sprouting in a favorable spring. A black silk cap also brings out a very cool, shiny growth, but only a few girls adopt it on account of its one shiniest feature.

Many of these with their hair wear pretty little caps made of white cotton, because cool air after black silk, white cotton is the greatest corrective of falling hair. Some of the white nobs are the wool for evening little head ornaments possible, with airy frills of exquisite real lace and bits of pale blue, pink, or lemon ribbon entwining the hair.

Women whose heads are absolutely bare of hair wear caps of lace and these caps enthusiastically, because they are so very refreshing to beauty, and then because the theory is that a night cap is to keep the cool through youth and middleage saves a wrinkle, and that is the reason why it is a garment for her declining years. But the cap of youth which is really no more than a fine shirt to fit over the head at night and serve to diminish any lingering growth of dandruff. As a matter of fact, so many women and experimenters, in turn bereft—so faithfully wore will in time bring back the hair that it is now the fad to back of worn head, and nightcaps are worn by the young and perfectly invigorated. Now, if you have no hair, and you desire it, you close, be sure to hear it so every night and keep it in order to keep it in a

HIS MOTHER HIS SWEETHEART.

"His mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best!"
So say the white roses he brings to my breast;
The roses that bloom when life's summers begin;
But his love is the sweetest rose over my skin.

The love that his mother bore him
A reckless ground me
Before to God and to heaven hath bound me!

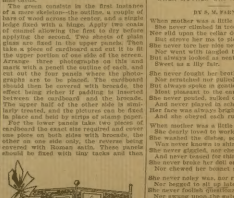
"His mother's his sweetheart!" through all the sad years
His soul hears
His faith in the rainbow that shines through my tears;
My trust in God's darkness, when with my dim eyes
I see that the stars in the storm of his
When I bow 'neath the rod
And so rose before God
His love lights the pathway that leads me to God.

"His mother's his sweetheart." Shine bright, O lamps on life's highway; and rose, loam in the lips of my darling; and God grant And his stars to my dutiful beautiful east
Be as the rose's perfume, ever increasing,
And closer to God and to heaven hath bound me!

—February Ladies' Home Journal.

An Inexpensive Ornament.

A small fish skeleton that can be easily moved from one place to another is always a useful thing to have. Two small fish heads, cods, can be had for a few cents at any fish market. Boil them in water with a little soda added to it, and when the flesh is perfectly soft pick it off the bones. Arrange three photographs on the end of a piece of bolting cloth, and then cut out the four points where the photographs are to be placed. The cardboard should then be covered with brocade, the bolting cloth being placed in the middle between the cardboard and the brocade. The upper half of the other side is similarly treated, and the pictures are fixed in place and held by strips of stamp paper. The fish heads are then taken out, and reinforced the east size required and cover one piece with satin stitch brocade, the other on one side only, the reverse being plain. The pieces of the fish's head should be fixed with tiny tacks and then



outlined with tawny gimp, covered with a little gold or silver wire, and then attached to one side of the screen, and a strip of the brocade, with a piece of gimp on each side, being tacked over the edges of the screen to further embellish with handsome bows or ribbon.

Worth Remembering.

Remedy for Chapped Hands.—One-quarter ounce camphor, the same of wax and white wax, placed together in a cup in boiling water, when melted add to it two ounces olive oil, one ounce lard, and when going to bed.

To Brighten and Clean Velvet and Silk.—Teacup of ammonia to every pailful of tepid water, wash with a sponge or soft cloth, then dry with a clean cloth and polish with a leather or old silk handkerchief.

To Clean Sewing Machines.—Cover all the machine with a thick cloth, and with a stick drive quite by a few drops of kerosene oil; roughly rub all the oil off with rags, and apply machine oil to the parts that require oiling.

To Remove Fruit Stains from Linen.—Well moisten the stains with kerosene oil, rub thoroughly, cover the spot with plenty of carbonate of soda, and invite in the sun to do the rest. Wash in cold water with soap in the usual way.

Beware of using lamps only partially filled. It is when the kerosene has burned down and there is a large intervening space that danger comes.

Crush, when softened, makes the best kind of polish.

An economical furniture wax may be made at home by buying one-half yard hatching, one-ring if cut and fastening it on a broom handle.

Real Boston Baked Beans.

Baked beans are a standard article of food in some households, and as many of these there are seldom more than half dozen who have them in perfection, hence would be glad to have the genuine article set before them.

Select the finest beans, and pick out every stone. Then begin, they should be boiled in plenty of water over night. Next morning pour off the water, and put on fresh, and boil until the skins will burst when taken up and blown upon. Then drain off the water, and put the beans into a deep earthenware pot, and add a piece of pork, about a pound to a quart of beans, and a tablespoonful of molasses to each pound of beans. Then fill the pot with water, and bake in a rather moderate oven, and keep water. If the heat is good the beans will burst in the oven, and should be very brown. Spice pickles belong with baked beans, cabbage pickle, and pickled beets made with vinegar.

The addition of molasses, however, baked beans eclipse any Puritan cooking.

Mustard is a condiment that a man cried of each other, and should be used sparingly. Some people put it in the dressing for salads, but almost it and unable any longer to keep the secret. Mustard should be mixed with vinegar day after day before the few green leaves are found in the garden. Then it is time for their interest in their well being; cleaning the head and face, and the rest of the body while I thank you for your goodness to me. Now, I am going to tell you how to do it. Get a bottle of ammonia, and every night and morning bathe the scalp thoroughly in it, and then wash the face and body with water. Nothing else ever made my scalp so good." Gentlemen, if you have a head of hair, and you desire to see you next me, it won't right to the spot, and you will find it will be a great help to you. Ladies, if you have a head of hair, and you desire to keep it, you will find it will be a great help to you. Ladies, if you have a head of hair, and you desire to keep it, you will find it will be a great help to you.

An Ideal Home.

Helen Hunt gives a charming description of an ideal home. "The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house that was the exact inverse of whose free went no costly a year's living for father, mother and the three children. But the mother was the creator of the home. Her relations with the world were limited. She had time for all her own sex. Every human in the house is variably looked out and care for the bayfolds of the day, and whatever may come. From the rosebud or flower leaf which in spite of her multifarious work she always found time to put between plates at breakfast to the mysteries of the fine art of the sand in the exercise where she was instantaneous of her influence. She has always been the friend and counsellor of her daughter, with and homemaker. If he met with a boyish trouble, he would have been abolished the ideal home. The little boy felt that his mother was his sweetheart."

For the Sweet Tooth.

Vanilla Cream Candy.—Take two pounds granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil without stirring until it will harden when dropped in cold water. Just before taking from the fire add one teaspoonful of soda or cream tartar dissolved in a little water, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla over the top. Pull.

Molasses Candy.—Take one cupful sugar, half a cup of water, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a cupful of molasses. Boil about twenty minutes and flavor if desired.

Stewed Rabbit.

Cut a rabbit to pieces, wash it in cold water, put it into a stew pan with a pint and two cupfuls of water, a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper, and a little parsley, and let it stew gently until tender, and stirring until they are mixed with a little water, and a tablespoonful of flour, and let cut up. Serve all together in a deep dish.

Beef Omelet.

Three pounds of brisket, three-fourths pound of fat pork, three pounds of suet, pepper, and a little sage, three eggs, six Boston crackers, one pint of milk, one pint of flour.

WHEN MOTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

BY S. M. FARNUM.

When mother was a little girl
She lived with Aunt Abigail
She slid upon the cellar door,
And never knew the use of skates.
She never tore her one new clothes,
Nor wished for dresses made of roses;
But always looked as neat as wax,
And never played in ashes.

She never fought her brothers dear,
Nor scraped her shins with falling hard,
But always spoke in gentle tones,
And never shouted "Fudge!"
She never answered back, indeed,
And never played in school;
But was a pattern for the girls,
And also obeyed each rule.

For the reason she was a little girl
She dearly loved to work;
She washed the dishes, sewed long seams,
Was never known to shirk;
She never chewed nasty gum,
And never teased for things;
But was as sweet as honey bees,
Nor chewed her bonnet strings.

She was a model for the girls,
Her temper is set up high,
And when I think she was a girl
Myself I long to try.
Or never was a truly girl,
Like the girls are now.

Free to All Women.
I have received a valuable receipt from a physician who has retired from practice, for the speedy and permanent cure of Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Sexual Weakness, Atrophy and all Sexual Troubles. Address ALICE E. KNOX, Jones Island Wisconsin.

Toys of Royal Tots.

At Christmas and the New Year season, the little folks are always allowed to play with their parents' toys, and the royal children are no exception to the rule. Queen Victoria's grandchildren have their own Christmas tree, and the Duke and Duchess of York's children have a Christmas tree of their own, and the Duke and Duchess of York's children have a Christmas tree of their own, and the Duke and Duchess of York's children have a Christmas tree of their own

SHREWSBURY

BY HOWARD I. WHYMAN.

["Shrewsbury" was begun in No. 1. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent or by sending to the Chicago office. Price 15 cts.]

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Price, a penniless tutor in a boys' school at Vare, falls desperately in love with a beautiful servant girl. On the evening of a ball given by Squire de Pecunius Rickard's son is found dead in the inn where the duke's retinue are lodged. At the gambling table they become society, which belonged to the master of the school, and to avoid discovery of the theft, Richard gains admittance to the ball by means of a ruse, steals away unseen from them to Rickford, intending to locate their whereabouts and to return to the money, leaving Richard a prisoner in the room. He is caught and brought before Sir Paul Inderal by Ralph's father. The magistrate hands him over to the duke's men, who have followed the stolen money. The latter, moved by a pecuniary reward, takes the prisoner under their charge. He rushes into London and secures a position as a clerk. By accident he discloses Ferguson, a conspirator from the constables, and comes under his power. A plot is hatched to advance the pretender's cause, and his resemblance to Richard's dead master is used to carry out the details of the scheme. To cast suspicion he is brought before the noblemen, a prisoner for inspection. On his arrival he meets the niece of Ferguson who orders him to bear a note to a certain house, which she fears is other, there being with Ferguson's knowledge. He does so, and is done so, overpowered and carried off a prisoner. Returning to the girl he explains her for making a traitor of himself. She sees him to run away with her, and to escape her but is overpowered by them and forced by him to be a witness to an engagement of marriage between Shrewsbury. Page saves the nobleman's life, and is rewarded by it.

(CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.)

That Smith discerned the chagrin which the duke could not conceal, seemed unquestionable; certainly not the ground of it—was as far from his conception of a gentleman of rank and fashion.

How long, with these feelings, I could have borne to go with him, or what I should have done in the house of Ferguson, he continued the same recital, remains only to be conjectured. Fortune by the way (took Lord Inchcape, as I have already hinted, his passage.

"I want to go in there," he said, coolly. "I need only detain you a moment, Mr. Taylor."

"I will wait for you," I muttered, thinking of the note in my pocket-book.

"You can also wait inside," he answered.

If I had been wise I should have stayed there and then, in the open street, and, sliding my hand, have read the note, and stayed for nothing. But, partly fool and partly knave, I did not dare. I feared, which was worse, that I might be seen; so I went upstairs of my own motive, and might scrutinize before the door could respond. I let myself be persuaded—and Lord Inchcape, I suppose, had his foot in the door to with his shoulder, locked it on the inside.

Then the man threw off all disguise. He was in the room with Ferguson, and where I stood immediately in the half-dark passage.

"Now," he said, "we will have that letter if you please, Mr. Taylor. I have a letter to see what is in it."

"The letter!" I faltered.

"Yes, the letter."

"I—I gave it," I said.

"Tactful, letter or no letter, out with it! Do you think I could not see you taking your breast every half minute, to make sure that you had it safe, and to know what was in the wind? Out with whatever it is you have, and be quick with it!"

He had a way with him when he spoke in that voice, loudly, but between his teeth, his eyes at the same time growling out one angry look that was worse than Ferguson's pistol, and I was alone with him in an empty house. I gave up the letter.

"Good—good—I warn you!" I cried, in a paroxysm of anger and shame, "that the Duke of Berwick, and if you open it—"

"For the Duke of Berwick!" he answered, pausing and gazing at me with his finger in the seal. "For the duke, eh? why did you not tell me that before? Now I know! From that, no doubt, Lord Richard—"

"From the Duke of Shrewsbury! I cried, reddened even before by my rage.

"What!" he cried, in a voice of extraordinary surprise.

"From the Duke of Shrewsbury," I repeated, with a sullen air, for I was ashamed to tell me.

"My God!" he said, with a deep breath, "and have I caught the fox at last?

"You are more likely to be caught yourself!" I answered, furiously. "Nevertheless, his words were a puzzle to me; but his tone of slow growing, almost ex-

"DID YOU WRITE IT YOU BLOCK-HEAD?"

ceedingly triumph, told something. Taking the seal from the letter, he was beginning to me to follow him, he sprang to the door, opened it, and, with a fierce oath, called Ferguson to him.

Ferguson, who had been sitting at the table, but lighted by the last yellow glow of the sunset, rose and came to the door, read here, and without a moment's hesitation, he broke the seal of the letter, and tearing the packet open, read the contents.

The several pages were his personal satisfaction, his face which, in the level light cast by the window, was overcast with gloom with unholy joy, was witness, no doubt, that all was well.

"Did you write it you blockhead?" he cried, starting as if in very fairly doubt. And then, without waiting for a reply, "Come here," he said, "it is his name, and the duke's seal, and the duke's letter in my hand! Is it yours? Did you write it, blockhead?"

"No! But now I think of it—thousand devils! I have been tricked! I have been tricked! This letter? What God hoots go with it? Where is it going? To the Duke of Shrewsbury? Is that your son his messenger?"

"Yes, by Ferguson's," I answered.

"By Ferguson's!" he said, staring at me.

"Yes, and bade him get that to the Duke, and no one else, lodging was known, the duke would be there."

Smith stepped back, and with another oath.

"Curse!" he cried. "Is he in it as deep as that? Oh, the cunning! Oh, the cunning! Oh, the devil! Oh, the devil! Oh, the trouble, and cost, and danger, at last!"

"Then both did—"

"Then both did, fox, too! And I was beginning to think him a bygone! Yet he hath us all! His heads on all! Or he would have beaten us if he had not known that I am forgetting. The Duke of Shrewsbury! Curse! he has not started! Then, with this letter in me, Mr. Tracy Taylor!"

"Two hours ago," I said, sullenly.

I was pleased to see that I had taken him.

"You fool!" he said. "Why did you not tell me at once what you had done, and whither you were going? If the Duke is taken in it is at your door, and if he is armed it will be to my credit."

I will confess that I felt chuckling up in my spirits as I saw him about to depart.

"Ha, ha, will not," he answered, "I am much obliged to you, but I prefer his room to your company, and I will stay even way. You will stay here, Mr. Taylor, and when the Duke is away I will come and release you. In the meantime, I would advise you to be quiet, and to be lofty, what is that? he continued, as he was leaving the room, "a knife? Give it back, you fool, or it will be the worse for you. You are not going out."

And sounding all my squeals and remonstrance he thrust me forcibly from him, and, whipping out a knife, locked it on me.

You know I thought myself then the most miserable dog in the world, more when on the point of a great and seemingly well-secured success I found myself down in despair, and could have dashed my head against the wall for my folly. Certainly, to the midst of my bewailing my position, I heard the door of the house below shutting, and knew that Smith had brought me to my feet in a panic. What was happening? Had he met the duke or Ferguson? The meeting was the more probable, as Ferguson sat, if he had succeeded in freeing himself, he was as likely as not to be in the house, and I could not have long to wait. Then, as I was about to run I was not inclined to sit sulking like a child, I heard the door below opened, frantically to the door I tried it with my knees and shoulder, to no joy I shouted somewhat; on which, throwing caution to the wind, I kicked at the panel, and pulled it out, and, with a great crash, gave way, and the door flying open, I found myself on the landing-place.

It was darkness, the silence of the empty house and my hurry formed a situation that was not pleasant. I was in a panic, also said, causing for error. I took the wrong turn, and, instead of the door of the house, found the shutters. I tried the bar and to my joy found it open. I was in a hurry and dragged the shutters open, and, finding the window was open, too, I leaded upon the dark, dull iron railings that ran before the house, and dropped into the street.

I was seeking for a part of the window a short time, and accordingly I found, to my astonishment, that I should have the courage to enter the house again, and that I was when a step approaching along the line of the railings. I drew back into the shadow of the door, paused, and, peering out, saw a man coming. I saw a man had come in a hurry, and I was afraid to be noticed, and then, to say that my knee was under me, but that I was not under the tower I felt. For as the man neared me I saw that he was not the duke, but that he was Ferguson's messenger, and that the time he raised his face, doubtless after the darkness, I was perfect for the man through the glass my eyes met those of Ferguson.

CHAPTER XXV.

It a few minutes before I had thought myself the most miserable dog in the world, but now I was the most miserable dog, and pened beyond fear or misfortune. I knew that Ferguson I saw the man at the window, and fell back into the darkness. I knew that Ferguson's eyes met those of the panes Ferguson's eyes must discover me. I knew that Ferguson would be out in a moment. I had grasped the situation, the passage, the key was turning in the lock, I had but a moment to run, and run swear—as I supposed—at the open street. Then, with the impulse of the fear that was upon me, I turned, and, with a cry, I ran out sacks in the passage. I made no reflection, I had no thought, I had only the fear of Ferguson upon me, and I ran. I heard his stood and called "Mary! Mary! Mary!" and then I heard a cry of fear, as above there, it will be worse for you, for I will come down to you. Come down, I say!"

"No, you are here at last, are you?" he cried, in a savage voice, "you have been a long time coming to this house, but you have come at last, and I have the fire to light! You should have had a good night in it, but at least close of this! Bye bear me company, and you shall have it! Come down, I say!"

And then I heard his answer. My heart was beating so loudly that I lost the tone sullen and weary, I could understand.

"Here now?" he retorted. "And that is to be the end? Short, Ferguson, I will presently show you two fiends more than you have at the baggage!"

"Who?" cried Ferguson.

"Not here," he cried.

"Not here!" repeated Ferguson.

"And why not, you Jezebel?"

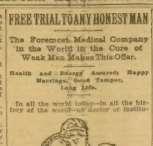
"You need not rehearse me," she answered, coolly. "I was followed, and not only followed, but seen. I could not carry it about with me all day. And I knew that you would be here, and was here to take it in. It is at the Spread-Eagle, in Gracechurch street, and I left it there. The key is in my pocket. That is what I told them. But it can be fetched in a quarter of an hour."

She paused and gave him room, to what but thought I saw her now and blonder. It was evident her violence had passed, and that she was trying to be conciliatory. Ferguson, however, was not to be appeased.

"Not to be fetched!" with a curse at notion, "not to be fetched! Why, you fool, the key is in your pocket. What is wrong with you? Are you drunk? Are you mad? Are you—" he stopped, and then added, "Mary! Mary! I would not beat you, but—but—"

"You drab!" he cried. "Leave that to your—"

His voice was beginning to rise; in a flash I saw the scene, the table with a patch of decapitations, of which, even in the moment, I had been aware, and Ferguson, with his face aflame, and I came a sharp knocking at the door, and I paused. Even, I turned, and, with head, headless of what noise I made, I ran down the stairs, I had no consideration for me, but fortunately the knocking I was repeated so quickly and persistently



"Here's your man!"

that it covered the sound of my flight, and before I had more than conceived the idea of it I was in the street, and was in obedience to some signal, was at the door of a hackney coach.

"Drive!" I cried, and the coach moved suddenly, breathing hard and growling like a dog, and I sank back upon the seat, below. But until the vener door was shut, and the coach in full motion, although fear sharpened my ears, was not sure that I was safe. Then, with a sudden change of mood, I sat up, and, opening the window, I looked out and cried to the driver, "Where are you going? Pull in up, old fool? Who'll ask is up! And I will stop for a fare if I choose! And is over if we cannot clear out tonight! You are a fool, I say! Pull in, or I tell you are caught the time, while you are all over you! Pull in, I say! Pull in!"

Two or three voices joined in to the same tune and deposed his words, one of which, however, was another Parker was, a third laughing it was a drunken fare. But the coach did not pull in, and I sank back with a groan of relief.

"Where to, sir?" the driver asked.

"Where to Porter?" a third struck in, "any and Newgate?"

"They are not here! Not Sir William! Nor Privett! So what is the good of asking me that?"

"Then you are a fat hang, will Sir William, with a hysterical laugh. "It will cure his gout!"

At that one of the others cried, with furious oaths, for fogue; and I judged that Ferguson gave them of his bullocks.

But it was little among so many, and was gone in a moment and they called for more.

"Here is a leg upstairs," said he. "In the back room. But get it for yourselves. You have long me. To think that I should have placed the game with such fools!"

He muttered recklessly, a savage note in their voice.

"Then you should have stuck to your pen, and not have tried," cried one with the prisoner jeer. "But well drink your health for that. Come along, Jack Kayes, and fetch the stuff. It may be hard work, and I look to the reward of the Rotten Grapes once more; if it be the late one it is."

CHAPTER XXVI.

As the man came up the stairs, the first in the band, I rose up and stood waiting at him.

He paused and held up the light.

"The devil!" he said, staring. And then, "Come down, you fool! Come down! Have your senses left you?"

The only answer from below was a fierce oath.

"What are you doing here?" he went on, puzzled as much by my silence as my presence.

"Nothing, nothing," I stammered, a desperate hope rising in my breast at what of the man's perplexity. He might let me go.

For sight I know he might have done so, but he was not to be. He was far more unseen by the open door below and the stairs, and, with a curse, he set the candle down and looked up and saw me.

"Curse you!" he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Ferguson's sake," Kayes answered, "and he is in a hurry, and he'll make for with him!"

"Ferguson!" he called. Ferguson and he came out and saw me, looked at me, and I saw that I was lost. I was in the hands of the duke's men, and I was to be sold on me so suddenly and with so much unexpectedness that I could do no more in his hands, and but for the others' presence he would have killed me. The matter tore him from me. Fergus' have me to him, and

THE QUICK CUT.

"As ye've gone down, Mike, jist ax 'em f'what the divil they're kapin' my bear so long for."—Sketch.

NOTED LIVING CANNIBALS.

A Few Are Attached to the Police Department as "Black Trackers."

BY COL. JOHN F. HOBBS.

(Copyright, 1898.)

In Australia there are living today native balding fingers that would appal the stoutest nerved person who in their earlier days were cannibals.

King Bunn, now in the police service of the New South Wales mounted, is the owner of a wild and savage man. When his tribe, the Darling Blacks, was a great one and ruled the whole of the Lachlan basin of New South Wales, this daring rebel fought at the head of his men and with his deadly Waddy, or club-splitting instrument, beheld to his many an unfortunate enemy. He especially swung the wild waddy when leading the Gulf Trotter settlement of Boston, now the flourishing metropolis of Australia, in the fierce onslaught of the Native Police Corps, during which now living personally with the whites, he met those that he had previously fought for the death of the man he kills. In one fierce battle of recent years he fought in a circle of eight or ten men and cut down six of them with his waddy before he fell from the overpowering numbers, when a spirit from the shudder with one blow, and was the battle ended. He had received this victim two days.

Down near a little lagoon among the deep reeds in the famous aboriginal camp of this warlike band of the Darling Blacks lived the Jarki-Tarki warriors. About on the ground were the bones of human beings that were being there at sundown, and the remains of his revolting meals.

Bunn, to look, as he is known by the local police, is engaged by the New South Wales police as a "black tracker" and is attached by the police force to Boston. He is a great tracker and has a keen sense of smell. He is also skilled in trailing anomalies of life can race to their camps, when they find the dead, the trick, either for spearing stock or people. He is a terrible sight to look at, and has his trail as a bloodhound. Once Bunn tracked a man who had killed a white man's son. The law requires that any criminal shall be taken alive if possible, and the man resisted their handcuffs and Bunn, to whom he his man, then, remembering the requirements of the law.

"Stop three times in the name of the British people."

He did treat for human blood seized him. He stopped, and the man turned to fight. Bunn up Richard was the first speaker. Bunn became very ugly when compelled at the point of a gun never to desert.

King Bunn is still valuable to the colonial government. He will, at any time, be eager among his own people before he became king, to collect evidence of the whereabouts of any criminal who may be in the former occupation. Every tribe has a treaty man, a sort of spy, and a sort of detectives who watch over the children, and protect their members from the evil eye. But it was his business as tribal astrologer to know all that he had to observe the fixed stars and signs, and to find out as much as possible about the moon. He could foretell storms and forest fires, and knew whether it will be cold or warm, rain or dry. They must do the bidding of the tribes when to move for the water or food or the season. The rules of the tribe had been urged upon the government by those who knew the strength of character of them, but science laughed at the advice.

Bunn, the black tracker, was born and lived in the swamps of the Macquarie Creek. The first gray hawk swept up against him. He now regards that any common hawk is a spirit of evil. He has been instructed that these are not true, and that his own